

That in this afflicting dispensation we recognize a manifestation of divine providence, which should be commemorated in the most devout public manner. That we will commemorate the event by public religious services at such time and place as shall be appointed by a committee of arrangements.

That a committee of divines be appointed to make the necessary arrangements for such religious services, and give notice in the daily papers of the time and place of such service.

Which resolutions were unanimously adopted.

On motion of Mr. Weston, a committee of thirteen, to carry into effect the object of the resolutions, was appointed by the Chair, as follows:—

CHARLES ADAMS, WYLLIS LAMAN,
JOHN G. SAGE, D. W. C. CLARK,
JOHN WHEELER, D. A. SMALLEY,
N. B. HASWELL, C. F. DAVEY,
W. WESTON, L. E. CHITTENDEN,
E. A. STANSBURY, JAMES W. HICKOK,
THOMAS FOLLETT.

To which Committee, by a vote of the meeting, the name of the Chairman was added.

Mr. Pomeroy on taking the Chair, addressed the audience in a feeling and impressive manner, and was followed, in the course of the meeting, by Judge Follett, Dr. Viner, Gen. Clarke, and Messrs. Adams, Weston, Laman, Stansbury and Sage.

And the meeting adjourned.

C. F. DAVEY, Secretaries.
JOHN G. SAGE.

Our friend N. H. Jones, whose Store on Church Street has recently been improved so as to compare favorably with the greatly improved style of glazing and finishing that prevail among our business men, has just returned from Boston with a rich and full assortment of goods appropriate both to the season and to his elegantly appointed Store. Mr. Jones omits no expense and spares no pains to gratify and please his numerous customers.

We take pleasure in saying that the credit for the new front to Mr. Jones's Store is due to Mr. HENRICK for the work, and Mr. FOLLETT for the superior grained painting.

Handsome Donation.

Geo. VAIL, Esq., of this city, has made a donation of about five acres of valuable land to the Troy and Rutland Railroad, situated in the village of Salem, Washington, on which the company will erect their depot, machine shops, &c. It gives us pleasure to record this act of liberality, as it evinces a spirit with reference to improvements that is in the highest degree creditable.—*Troy Daily Whig.*

Mr. VAIL is just the man to contribute liberally to the advancement of great public interests, and no one who knows him will be surprised at this instance of his enlarged public spirit.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. LAYTON GIBSON, of Whiting, was killed on Thursday last, near Bartonville, while on his way to market with horses, on board the freight train of cars. He was standing up on one of the cars, as the train passed over a bridge, and his head struck the tubular, killing him instantly. Mr. G. was married to Loyal E. Gibson, who lost his life in a similar manner, near Sutherland's Falls, some time since.—*Middlebury Register.*

For the Free Press.
Lake Dunmore.

Mr. Editor: With your permission, we wish to say a word through the columns of the Free Press, for Lake Dunmore. On the first inst., we started from Burlington for picturesque spot, where (after talking with us a few more of the same sort) from Middlebury we arrived the same day.

We "put up" at the LAKE DUNMORE HOUSE—the only Public House there—kept by Messrs. N. & W. R. Pray. The House is not large but we found it sufficiently capacious for our accommodation. But it is kept (what there is of it) in fine style by its proprietors. The Messrs. Pray are untiring and incessant in their exertions for the ease, comfort and pleasure of their guests. They set an excellent table which is always supplied "with the best the market affords." And everything about the House wears such an air of neatness and cleanliness, that we all made up our minds that our last visit to Lake Dunmore, was like the day, in his run with the wolf, a *locust-walk*. Attached to the House is a Bowling Alley and Dancing Hall.

But to return to the point of discussion, Lake Dunmore is a delightful and charming place as one would wish to see. The Lake itself is a beautiful sheet of water, situated about nine miles south-east from Middlebury, and is about five miles in length and one mile in width; and is quite surrounded by hills. Floating on its peaceful bosom, the Messrs. Pray keep a fine craft of Lake Bats, among which are the Sailing Boat—LADY OF THE LAKE—THE PALACE, KEYS, a covered row-boat and THE CONQUE, SHEL, a light open boat. You should have been there to see the Sargassos of our company take the helm of the Salt Boat and upset—the Boat by any means—but the King's English in a *new* style. The Emperor was there, and, for want of Slaves to sing for him, he sang for himself and the company also, as we glided over the swelling waves, in his favorite boat—the Palauken. The GOVERNOR was there too, whom none of us wished politically to see Governor of our worthy State, but we were willing to acknowledge him to be such of our good company. And also in our midst were the CHEVATIER and the COUNSELLOR, and it would have delighted you to have heard them strike up

"Let every old Bachelor fill his glass!" etc.

And to have appreciated it, you should have seen them carry out the doctrine of the song. But I might go on *ad infinitum*, "showing up" the peculiar merits of the respective members of our company—how the Emperor and Chevalier would have away our evenings, occasionally, by their own peculiarly original performances of any thing and every thing from the tragedies of Shakespeare and the Italian Opera down to Low Comedy—but my time and your limits forbid. But I must say one word of the COUNSELLOR. He, you know, pretends to be "a *some*" in the "hook and line." And from all I have seen, I am inclined to think he is right. He stoutly insists that no true sportsman (*your* *speech* notwithstanding) can be satisfied with anything short of the Fly and brook trout-fishing. Though the COUNSELLOR does acknowledge that he has an *inclining* weakness for trolling for Black Bass, and is in high glee when he gets a four-pounder hooked, at the end of a two hundred feet line. And there is no end to his enjoyment on such occasions, except when some *important* *person* intervenes to stop the sport. The sight of perch is *unbearable* to him, and against them, he *never* pretends to be proof. Occasionally he would steal away from the company and, with the Judge for a guide, cross the Lake and plunge into the deep forests, where Cooper would never have sung "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," but where Byron would have exclaimed, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," in pursuit of the spotted trout.

But enough of persons. We would say something of the *fair* portion of our company; for the COUNSELLOR, we forbear to go into particulars. We will only add that everything in that quarter, was agreeable and pleasant—as much as the *unfair* portion of the crowd could wish.

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South of the Lake is what is called Bald Hill. A part of our company ascended this eminence, under the guidance of our valiant governor. We arrived at the top in due course of time and came to a rock without a name. But the Governor took some kind of liquid from the Chevalier, which I name not—women start and—characterized the rock in a becoming manner—PROSELYTIC ROCK. We mounted this rock and a glorious and beautiful prospect burst upon our view. On our west stretched far away the whole of Lake Champlain Valley with its richly cultivated farms and fields, interspersed with pleasant villages—visible, almost entire, to the naked eye. Farther on lie the cloud-piercing Adirondack mountains. On the East extend North and South as far as the eye can reach, our own Green Mountains. On the South, and, almost at the foot of the hill, lies the valley of Lake Dunmore; we had a perfect view of the whole lake, its Islands and Outlets, its Islands and Bays. As we stood looking down upon this sight the lines of Moore instinctively rushed into our minds "There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet, As that wide valley where the waters meet; Not that the rays of morning and the dewy dawn, But the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart."

But to conclude, this already too lengthy communication, we can assure any of your readers who may wish to be where they can breathe the pure, clear and salubrious air of heaven, free from the dust and turmoil of town-life—to be where there are none to molest or annoy—where gentlemen can dress to keep—*and*—and Ladies to be—*comfortable*—especially if they believe that,—

"Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds Her lessons to him, and he learns to be true."

enjoyment on such occasions, except when some *important* *person* intervenes to stop the sport. The sight of perch is *unbearable* to him, and against them, he *never* pretends to be proof. Occasionally he would steal away from the company and, with the Judge for a guide, cross the Lake and plunge into the deep forests, where Cooper would never have sung "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness," but where Byron would have exclaimed, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," in pursuit of the spotted trout.

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